Northern Messenger

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

W Bronscombe 30 09

'This Year Also.'

One of Christ's parables tells us of a fruit-tree that was carefully looked after for years, and year after year bore no fruit. At last the owner passed upon it the just sentence—'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?'

In reply, the gardener begged that it might have one more chance. If it were spared 'this year also,' he would make another, a supreme effort, in the hope that at last the tree might respond to the care bestowed, and bear fruit.

'CUT IT DOWN; WHY CUMBERETH IT THE GROUND?'

Three thoughts strike us in reading the story:

1. Man's ingratitude to God.

Sunday by Sunday those of us who go to church bless God 'for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life.' Week by week mercies, the greatness of which we can never estimate, are showered upon us all. How little gratitude we feel! How accustomed we are to take them as a matter of course. How easily we forget the mercies in worrying over the trials of life! How persistently some of us refuse to give to God the return He most desires—the thanks of a life given up to His service. He made us; He redeemed us; He cares for us. And we reward Him by withholding from Him that which belongs to Him—ourselves.

2. God's patience.

There is no one who reads this who cannot look back on at least some years of life. Every year that we have lived has brought to some forty or fifty millions of people the summons of God's last messenger—the angel whom we call Death. Past our very doors he has walked. Into some of our houses he has come. But not yet has he beckoned us, not yet has his voice said to us, 'Come.'

It is not that our lives have been so good that we deserve to be spared; that they have been so fruitful in blessing to others, so rich in glory to God, that we might look to have them prolonged. Why then are we given another chance?

Only one answer is possible. God is wonderfully patient. Long ago might the sentence have been pronounced: 'Cut it down.' But it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.'

3. What shall we do with this fresh chance?

Shall we treat it as though we were sure to have another?

This would be a base return for the love that cares for us, for the mercy that spares us! Nothing is meaner than to deliberately turn away from the God who loves us, intending as we do so to turn back to Him at the last: to give the best of one's years to the devil, and the dregs of one's life to God.

Besides, one of our fresh chances will be the last, and there will probably be nothing to tell us it is so till the chance is gone. Some day we shall begin a new year, the end of which we shall never see. It may be this one. For some of our neighbors it will be this one.—R. G. Hunt, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

A Pattern From Japan.

(A. J. T., in 'Light in the Home.')

'Throughout the province of Echigo,' writes a lady traveller in Japan, 'I have frequently seen a square piece of cotton cloth hung by the four corners to four bamboo sticks standing upright in the bed of a stream. Close by is seen a long narrow tablet inscribed with characters. Within the cloth is a wooden dipper. As I passed one of these erections close to the road, I saw a Buddhist priest pour a dipper of water into it which strained slowly through.

'He told me that the tablet bears the Raimiyô, or posthumous name of a woman. The pouring of water into the cloth is a prayer. The custom is called the "flowing invocation." It is very affecting, for it denotes that a mother, at the birth of a child, has passed away to suffer in the "lake of blood" (the Buddhist hell), for some sin committed in a former state of being, and that her soul must remain in anguish till the cloth is so worn out that the water poured upon it by the compassionate passers-by falls through at once.

'I have never passed this "flowing invocation" without seeing some wayfarer fill and empty the dipper. Rich people can buy a cloth manufactured on purpose, which, because it is scraped thin in the middle, lets the water through in a few days; but the poor man has to content himself with a closely-woven cotton cloth, which wears out with painful slowness. Both these materials must be purchased at a Buddhist temple. No wonder the saying is current among these heathen people, "The judgments of Hades depend upon money."'

How brightly, in contrast with such gloomy superstitions, shines out our privilege of Christian prayer! How thankfully one remembers the gracious words, 'Ye people, pour out your hearts before Him. God is a refuge for us.' 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him.' Yet may not professing Christians learn something from this practice in heathen Japan? Are we as earnest and persevering in intercession for those living ones we love as these benighted heathen are for dead strangers?

How thankfully, too one remembers that God is no respecter of persons, that money confers no advantage on its possessor in seeking help from God. By no expenditure or device can an earlier answer to prayer be procured by the rich. The rich must become poor in spirit, and the poor must become possessed of the riches of faith. The poverty of spirit and the riches of faith that are required are alike the gift of God to the seeking soul. 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'

The same traveller tells us: 'One Sunday afternoon, at Shingaji, a small procession passed the house; it consisted of a decorated palanquin, carried and followed by Buddhist priests. This contained papers inscribed with names of individuals, and the evils they feared, and the priests were about to cast these papers into the river, whereby, through the mercy of their gods, they imagined the dreaded ills would be averted.'

How much more, I thought, should we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high, be definite in prayer. How speedy, gracious, and abundant was God's answer of help to one of old, who, in the hour of distress and peril, 'went into the house of the Lord, and spread his oppressor's letter before the Lord.' He who can truly say, 'I poured out my complaint before Him, and showed before Him my trouble,' will unfailingly have cause to add, 'He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.'

Religious News.

The 'Bombay Guardian' gives the following suggestive facts showing the progress made in the operations of the Indian Sunday School Union in the decade from 1896 to 1906: The number of candidates presenting themselves (voluntarily) for examination in Scripture has risen from 600 to 16,000; and during the decade more than 58,000 certificates have been awarded. These are given in three grades. A large percentage of the candidates belong to non-Christian homes. A silver medal is presented to the student who gets highest marks in each language. Some seventy-five medals are thus given every year. In our thoughts and prayers about the work being done in India for the Master a place of remembrance is due to this solid, unobtrusive, evangelistic labor, carried on under difficult conditions, often under heavy discouragement.

Six girls' schools at Hankow were allowed to attend the athletic meet, where over fifty boys' schools took part in the parade; and when Hankow College Alumni gave a concert for the Famine Fund, the girls of our mission school were invited to assist by singing. 'A new departure indeed,' writes Miss Lois Lyon, 'for Chinese girls to appear in public before an audience.'—'Woman's Work.'

Sixteen years ago, when Rev. S. A. Moffett went to Pyeng Yang, Korea, one of the men who stoned him in the streets was Yee Kee Poung. When the first ministers of the Korean Presbyterian Church were ordained last September at Pyeng Yang, Rev. Yee Kee Poung was one of the number. He was immediately set apart as a missionary to the island of Quelpart, which is directly south of Korea. The 100,000 inhabitants of the island are destitute of the Gospel. In connection with the setting apart of Yee Kee Poung a thank-offering was taken by the Korean Church for his support. This is one of the many evidences of the work of grace in Korea, the genuineness of which is shown in the missionary spirit which moves them to send one of their own number to a people who need the Gospel.

Work in Labrador.

A SCHOOL AND ITS SCHOLARS IN THE NORTH.

The life of the doctor, the work of the nurse, the place of the minister among the fishing people of the rocky northern coasts all have had due attention given to them in the weekly reports of the Labrador work, but the school teacher has been noticeably absent. Dr. Grenfell, however, is not one to neglect any phase of the work under his charge, and, as the Rev. J. T. Richards mentioned in his report published last week in these columns, when the little neglected school at St. Anthony was finally left without a teacher for last winter, he secured the services of Miss Ruth Keese, an American lady teacher with the true missionary spirit in her heart. Her report sent to 'Among the Deep Sea Fishermen' gives some idea of the great difficulties with which she had to contend, but it is not the difficulties that loom largest in her sight, for in a more personal note accompanying her letter she says: 'If this will be of any use to you, I am glad. I wish I could really tell you how perfectly beautiful the life here is, and how we all love it—the work and the place and the people and the clear cold weather. We feel as if we wanted to hold on to every day.'

St. Anthony,
March 9th, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—When I came to St. Anthony it was with the idea that I was to start a Kindergarten, where and how, I knew not, but of that one thing I was sure. Somehow, I missed Miss Storr on the wharf, so I arrived at the Orphanage in the pouring rain to be met by, 'I'm sorry, but you mustn't come in, we have scarlet fever here. I'm sorry.' It was Sister McMahon from behind the screen door. We explained and laughed, and I went down to the hospital to be cordially met by Sister McDonald, 'the tall sister,' as the patients came to call her. It appeared that the whole harbor was just recovering from a light form of scarlet fever, but that it would not be well to start school for some time at least. Accordingly, the next day I started on my hospital career. I well remember the terrible fear with which I began to rub the 'rheumatiky' knees of poor old Mrs. Short and the awful faces she used to make up. Later, when we became good friends, I used to tease her about the faces, until, much against her will, she would laugh, 'though I doesn't feel much like laughing, my dear.' It was Mrs. Short who could tell when the 'Strathcona' was coming because 'I always dream of dead people the night before.'

By the first of October the schoolhouse was fumigated and cleaned, and I started in with about twenty-five children, up to the age of fifteen. There were no desks, just a kind of sloping shelf around the walls, with benches in front of them for the children to sit on. Of course this puts them all with their backs to the middle of the room, and backs are not inspiring to talk to. Also the benches, being wobbly, are easy to tip over. It happens occasionally that a bench will fall over and spill two or three little ones, but you get used to it.

All schools in Newfoundland are denominational, and this one happens to be under the care of the Methodist Church, but it has been hard to get the Methodists or anyone else to take much interest in it. Last year the school was open for about eight weeks. With that exception, the only school for three years has been that which Mr. Jones has conducted in the Mission Hall. Now there is not even a School Board, and the people could hardly believe that there was to be 'regular schooling' all winter. When that became evident, the numbers began to increase. 'Our Harry's coming next week,' boasted Mary Jane.-'So's our Solomon,' said Mary Annie, 'soon as he've finished with the fish, if school don't knock off before the frosty weather.' And they came, until there was no more room, and five sat on a bench meant for three, and 'we've no room to write here, Miss.'

But the schoolhouse, what with age and hard use, kept getting more and more out of repair. The roof leaked and the stove pipe leaked, and things were altogether bad, but it seemed impossible to get anything done. One of the children suggested that it needed to go to the Hospital. Finally, when Dr. Grenfell came, he suggested that we move school over to the other side of the harbor, about ten minutes' walk on the ice, where the Church of England schoolhouse stood waiting—clean and in good order—with rough but serviceable desks. We were glad to go, and most of the children went also gladly. Of course some dropped out, but for ten that we lost we gained twenty. At present there are about fifty in attendance, and we shall probably stay on 'the other side' as long as the walking holds good on the ice.

The work has been much hampered by lack of books, especially readable geographies and historics; but in the 'Three R's' they have made enough progress to be encouraging. The children are not bright, but they do want to learn, many of them. I was touched the other day when one boy came to school asking, 'Can I have three copy books for dad? He wants to write, too.' This same man is saving money to send his boy to college.

It means much to them, this chance to 'get l'arnin'.' 'It's no trouble for my boy to learn, once he gets the chance,' you hear again and again, and one poor woman said to me, 'I never expected to see Mary in the Second Reader before I died.'

An important feature is the teaching of Dr. Grenfell's catechism—'Is fresh air good for me? I cannot live without it,' etc. Dr. Grenfell gives prizes to all those who know it. It really is taking effect, too, for this week I heard some children urging a chilly, white cheeked little girl to 'come out and get the fresh air so's you won't have the consumption.' Also they take pride in the 'don't spit' cards, and any infringement of them is considered a crime—around school at least.

In the evening I teach Phoebe and Emmie, the two big girls, such nice girls, at the Orphanage, for an hour and a half. Phoebe especially is very ambitious. She wants so much to follow her sister to America and learn to be a teacher.

It is a busy life and a very happy one. I hate, as we all do here, to have the winter go, for the time seems so very short when there is so very much to be done. But it is something one will always be thankful for—to have had the chance of doing this little.

RUTH E. KEESE.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Well-wisher, Hamilton, $2.00; 'In His Name,' London, Ont., $2.00; St. Peter's Church Branch S. S., Dorchester, $4.00; A Friend, Brooklin, 25 cents; Total.. .. ..$ 8.25

Received for the cots:—'In His Name,' London, Ont., $1.00; Harmony Union Mission S. S., Toronto, $10.00; Little Helpers' Club, Great Village, N.S., $1.50; Total.. ..$ 12.50

Received for the komatik:—'In His Name,' London, Ont., $2.00; Mrs. E. Bentley, Toronto, $2.00; Total.. .. ..$ 4.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,742.11

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

By recent arrangements, postage on individually addressed copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to the United States and its dependencies costs us considerably less than last year, so that instead of requiring 50 cents extra postage, we now ask only TEN CENTS on each copy. Clubs of ten or over to one address, enjoying the cut rate of 20 cents a copy, cost us the same as last year, and so require 15 cents extra per copy for the year's postage.

The rates for the United States will, therefore, be as follows:—

NORTHERN MESSENGER
Rates to United States
(Postage included)

	Per Annum
Single copies - -	50c.
Three or more copies separately addressed	40c. each
Ten or more copies to one address - -	35c. each

N.B.—As some of our old subscribers in the United States were obliged to drop the 'Messenger' owing to the high postage, we will be very glad if our readers will mention the above reduced rates as far as possible to their friends who may be interested.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1908.

David's Kindness to Jonathan's Son.

II. Sam. ix. Memory verse 7. Read II. Sam. xvi., 1-4; xix., 24-30.

Golden Text.

And be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another. Eph. iv., 32.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 12.—II. Sam. iv., 1-12.
Tuesday, October 13.—II. Sam. viii., 1-18.
Wednesday, October 14.—II. Sam. ix., 1-13.
Thursday, October 15.—II. Sam. xvi., 1-4; xix., 24-30.
Friday, October 16.—I. Sam. xix., 1-7.
Saturday, October 17.—I. Sam. xx., 1-17.
Sunday, October 18.—II. Sam. xxi. 1-14.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday we learned about something that David, although he was now king, could not do. Do you remember what that was? Yes, God told him he must not build the new temple. To-day we learn about something that David both could and did do. You know Christ teaches us that we can help God only by helping those who are about us, so we can easily see that David was serving God by his kindness to a poor lame man just as truly as though he had been allowed to build the temple. There was one thing David always remembered, and that was that it was God who had given him all the good things he enjoyed, and he did not intend to keep them all to himself. The title of our lesson is 'David's Kindness to Jonathan's Son.' Who can tell me who Jonathan was? And why did David remember Jonathan? David would have been very ungrateful if he had forgotten Jonathan, the king's son, who had been so kind to David, the shepherd boy, but David never forgot a kindness. He grieved very much when he heard about Jonathan's death, and he knew, too, that Saul and all his sons were dead, but now that he was so well off he set to work to find out if there were no relatives of Jonathan's alive to whom he could show kindness for Jonathan's sake. You see, what David could do he wanted to do well, and he soon found out what he was likely very surprised to hear, that Jonathan had a son who was still alive. This son's name was Mephibosheth, and he was only a very little boy, five years old, when his father was killed in battle. It was the terrible battle in which Saul and so very many of his people were killed and the news came to Saul's palace, where little Mephibosheth was playing about that the cruel enemies were marching on to kill him and all the rest of the people. In the terrible hurry and flight an accident happened to the poor little prince that left him lame in both his feet. David now heard this story for the first time, and heard too that this lame man was still living, so what do you think David did?

FOR THE SENIORS.

It is quite reasonable to suppose that the numerous wars that threatened David's kingdom from all sides and formed a very strong reason why he should not build the temple (I. Kings v., 3), had so occupied his time that he had felt it necessary to put aside for some time what was, after all, only a private enterprise. At any rate Mephibosheth had had time to grow up from babyhood to manhood, being married and having a growing son of his own before David found out his existence. More than possibly he had been congratulating himself that in his retreat on the eastern side of the Jordan he had so far escaped David's notice, for, according to the customs of the time, he might well have expected to be the object of the new king's hatred, only escaping death at his hands by escaping his notice completely. He might recall the story of Abimelech and Jotham (Judges ix., 1-6) and Saul's own relentless pursuit of David and all David's relatives (I. Sam. xxii., 3, 4) and all who in any way assisted him (I. Sam. xxii., 13-16), if he were at all inclined to consider his own nation better than those around them in this respect. In David's action in the matter of the remaining representatives of Saul's house he rose to a plane of wonderful magnanimity when we consider the times in which he lived. It is true he had promised both Saul and Jonathan to pursue the course he did (I. Sam. xx., 11-17; xxiv., 20-22), but few would have been found to consider such promises binding.

Apart from the subject of the lesson, it should be remembered that this Sunday has been set aside for special consideration of and prayer for, the Sunday School. It has been hoped that both scholars and teachers will think seriously over what the Sunday School means to them, and pray earnestly for its highest and truest success as an instrument in God's hands of winning souls to himself.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

He shall eat Bread at my Table. Four times we are told in this chapter that David had Mephibosheth eat bread at the king's table; the emphasis laid on this fact has in it a lesson for us. David might have been content with restoring to Mephibosheth his father's estates and appointing Ziba and his household as his servants. This would have been showing Mephibosheth abundant kindness, but it would have cost David little, for what were estates to David the King? Something of himself must go with the gift, there must be a personal element in it, in order to be a kindness shown for Jonathan's sake. At a time when stature and physical strength were deemed important attributes of the royal household, there may well have been even some sacrifice in having a cripple always at the king's table. Notwithstanding this, David decreed that the man who was lame in both his feet should eat continually at his table.

'It is not written, Blessed is he that feedeth the poor, but he that considereth the poor,' Ruskin reminds us. 'A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.' There is a great need in this world that can be met only by the gift of self. Tolstoi tells of his saying to a beggar, 'Brother, I have no money,' and of the beggar's clasping his hand with joy and saying that he had given him better than money, for he had called him 'Brother.'

The great English statesman Gladstone was found sitting by the bedside of the poor sick boy whose duty it had been to sweep the street crossing, and reading the Bible to him. A minister in Boston has told about going to see a poor family and being met at the door by Bishop Phillips Brooks with a baby in his arms. He had given the tired mother some street car tickets and sent her off to get the fresh air, and was caring for her baby till she returned. If a man like Bishop Brooks, who could preach such wonderfully helpful sermons, could give of his time to a poor tired woman, shall we say that we have no time for such a gift of ourselves?

The kind man does not say merely what he feels like saying; that would be adaptation to his own moods, and only self-love. He says what he thinks another needs to hear. Kindness relates you not to your own mood, but to the mood of the other man. To say a pleasant thing because you feel pleasant may be an accidental kindness, for it may meet another's need, though good, it is not highly virtuous. Genuine kindness oftenest comes from self-repression,—a cheerful message from a sad soul, a brave word from a trembling heart, a generous gift from a slender purse, a helping hand from a tired man. 'It is not your mood, but the other man's need, that determines kindness.—M. D. Babcock, 'Thoughts for Everyday.'

There are many good people who are willing to give alms who are never ready to do almsdeeds; half the beauty and power of Christian charity is in the personality of its administration.—Pentecost.

Bible References.

Matt. xxv., 40; Luke vi., 38; Prov. xxxi., 20; Isa. xxxii., 8; Psa. ciii., 2, 4; Prov. iii., 1-4.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 18.—Topic—Commending our Society. IV. By systematic, generous giving. I. Cor. xvi., 1, 2; Mal. iii., 7-12.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, October 12.—What shall I do? Luke xviii., 18.
Tuesday, October 13.—'If ye love me.' John xiv., 15.
Wednesday, October 14.—'Keep my commandments.' Deut. v., 29.
Thursday, October 15.—A new commandment. John xiii., 34, 35.
Friday, October 16.—Give to the poor. Luke xviii., 22.
Saturday, October 17.—Rich in good works. I. Tim. vi., 17-19.
Sunday, October 18.—Topic—A young man whom Jesus loved. Mark x. 17-22.

Solve the Problem if You Can.

He was an illiterate cripple and a converted drunkard. He had only one leg, and he was too poor to own a cork leg. He walked with crutches. He stood on the one leg all day in a box factory, nailing boxes. He got home about six o'clock every evening, and, after supper, he visited from home to home in his section of the city, hunting Sunday School scholars.

Nearly always he found them. On Sunday mornings, he would go by for those who had promised to go with him to his Sunday School. One Sunday morning he brought nine new pupils—one man, one woman, two big boys, one big girl and four little children. I shook his hand and congratulated him on his new pupils. 'Yes, I reckon I did fust rate for one mornin', but I'm a little disappointed. I had fifteen of 'em what promised to come, but the rest of 'em went back on me.'

Now here is a simple problem in arithmetic. It is a problem that every man especially ought to work out practically. Here is the problem: If one man with one leg can bring nine new pupils to Sunday School on one Sunday morning, how many could a man with two legs bring in if he were to really try?—'Central Baptist.'

A Trade-mark.

A Christian manufacturer, who puts principle into production, and morality into mechanism, is known and advertised far more widely than he thinks by the goods he makes.

A story appeared in print the other day which well illustrates this. It seems that a man went into an ironmonger's shop in a neighboring town to buy a shovel.

Examining one, he asked the dealer:

'Is this a first-class tool?'

The shopkeeper replied:

'My friend, I think you can know very little of shovels. You will notice that this shovel is made by Mr. So-and-so. He is a Christian man, and he makes a Christian shovel. Anything you see marked with his name you may know to be first-class.'

The tribute was a significant one. It is Christian principle which makes the best tools that the world uses. Ever since the days of the faithful Carpenter of Nazareth, its influence has been exerted in the direction of reliability in trade and honesty in all relations of life.—Exchange.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

The list of members of this royal league grows apace. Five have sent in their names this week: Gordon Stewart, F., Ont.; Winnie McIntosh, S., Ont., and Pearl, Rubia and Myrtle Craig, W., Que. Have any of the members found it very hard to keep their pledge? How many wear the little purple and white bow that is the badge of the League Have any members seen a really kind act to tell us all about? Write and let us know how you are getting on. Since no one else has sent in an incident of a kind act anywhere else in Canada, Montreal will give another little one this week: Three boys were sitting one morning on the steps of a house on one of the poorer streets in the city when an old man was coming slowly towards them. He was very much bent and leant heavily on his cane. The boys did not know they were watched, but one proposed that they should get a bit of fun out of him by teasing. The second looked undecided, but the third was so emphatically against it that the first one thought it better to give in. As the old man passed he looked at them suspiciously, but he only got a bright smile from the third one, who lifted his cap as he passed. The old man said 'Thanks, sonny. Good morning,' and went on.

'I didn't mean to hurt him' said the boy who had proposed the 'fun.' 'I only meant to tease and see if he'd chase us.'

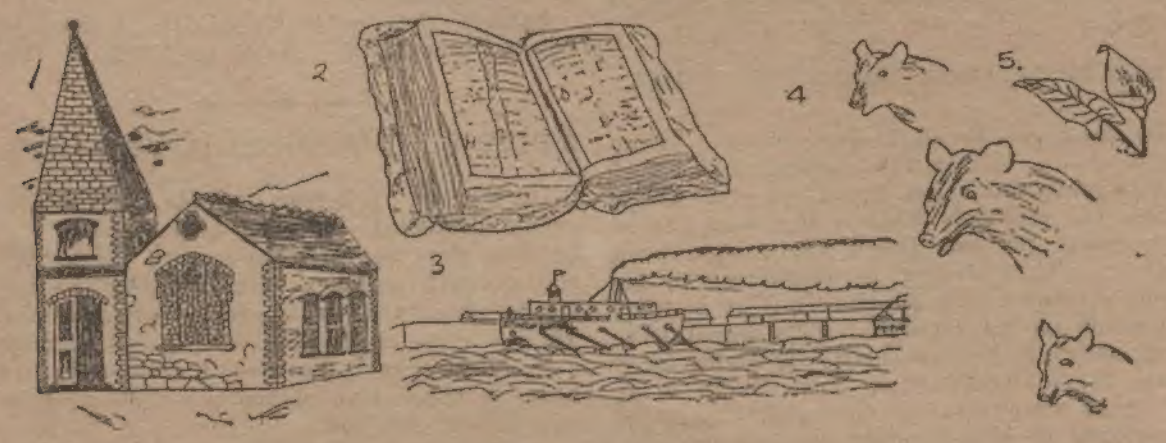
'Oh well,' said the one who certainly ought to be a member of our league, 'he's old you know. And you wouldn't like to be old and bent in the back and have us boys tease you, would you?'

Then the boys went on talking about their baseball, and the old man was going down the street with a smile on his face instead of a frown and sunshine in his heart, instead of an angry cloud. It wasn't much that was done; it was rather something left undone, but three hearts were left the brighter for it, the boy's own, the old man's, and the heart of the one who watched. Such an investment in sunshine was well worth while, wasn't it?

E., Alta.

Dear Editor,—A few more lines to the 'Messenger.' I saw your letter in the 'Messenger' about Quebec. I was not there, but would like to have been there, for I am sure it was nice and very interesting. We have a very nice place here and lots of fish in the lake. My papa went out one afternoon and got forty nice fish, weighing from three to five pounds. Do you not think that was fine? We just came here last spring. I think this is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen. It is a perfect flower garden, with wild roses and wild peas and other wild flowers.

MAY HADLEY.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Village Chapel.' John R. (age 13), S., Ont.
2. 'Bible.' A. L. P. (age 10), Peterborough.
3. 'The "Ethel" of Montreal.' John Paton (age 11), Montreal.
4. 'Bears.' Heber Fitzgerald (age 10), M., Sask.
5. 'Lilly.' Ruth Murphy, M. F., Ont.

Marking the Birthdays.

(Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., in the 'American Messenger.')

It is not enough to have a birthday made happy by the congratulations of friends, by tokens of affection, by letters filled with good wishes. It should be marked also among the days by some uplift, some new beginning, some victory over temptation or fault, some fresh gift from heaven. No to-morrow should be just like to-day, no better, no more beautiful, no fuller of helpfulness. But every birthday should mark a special advance. We should never be content to live any year just as we lived the one that is gone. Contentment is a Christian grace, but contentment does not mean satisfaction. We are never to be restless—restlessness is a mark of weakness—but we can have perfect poise and the blessing of Christ's peace, and yet be eagerly pressing on all the while to new attainments and new achievements.

We should mark our birthdays by a clearing away of whatever is out of date and no longer of use in our life, and especially of whatever cumbers or hinders us, whatever impedes our progress. As we grow older there are many things which we should leave behind. When we become men we should 'put away childish things,' but some men never do. They always remain childish. Childlikeness is very beautiful—it is commended by the Master as the very ideal of Christian life and character; but childishness is unbeautiful and unlovely, and should be left behind as we pass on. Then, we are continually coming to the end of things which may have been important in their time, but we have outlived their necessity. A birthday is a good time to get clear of all these worn-out, superseded things. We should move out of the old house, leaving in the garrets and lumber rooms the things we need no more, and making a new home for our souls, with only fit and beautiful things in it.

A birthday should be a time also for taking fresh hold of life. The tendency is to live in routine, and routine is likely to be fatal to zest and enthusiasm. We easily lose sight of our ideals, and drift imperceptibly into commonplace living. We need to be waked up now and then to fresh consciousness of the meaning of life. One of the perils of comfortable living is the falling into easy ways. We forget that the easy path does not slope upward; that worthy things can be reached only by climbing; and that the true way is not only steep, but ofttimes craggy. The really noble and worthy things in life can be attained only at the cost of toil and struggle. Not heaven alone, but whatever belongs to the kingdom of heaven, must be won on the battle-fields of life.

Yet the revealing of this fact that the prizes of life cannot be got easily should never daunt any one. Indeed, a large part of the value and blessing in any achievement or attainment lies in what it costs. We grow most under burdens. We get strength in struggle. We learn our best lessons in suffering. The little money we are paid for our toil is not the best part of the reward—the best is what the toil does in us in new experience, in wisdom, in patience, in self-conquest.

But whatever the cost of life's gains, we should be ready to pay it in full. We need not trouble ourselves greatly either about earthly position, or about our largeness in men's eyes; it is infinitely more important that we make sure of growing in the things that belong to true manhood. A distinguished man said: 'If I had a son, I should tell him many times a day to make himself as big a man on the inside as possible.' That should ever be our aim, and on each new birthday this vision of worthy life should be set freshly before us.

This ideal concerns two things—our own growth in whatsoever things are lovely and true, and our work on the lives of others. One writes: 'To be at once strong and gentle, true and kind; to be braver to-day than yesterday; swifter to respond to earth's music, slower to notice its discords; to have eye and hand growing ever quicker to note, and more ready to aid the need around us; to have the voice take a cheerier tone day by day, and the eyes a quicker light, because in our souls we believe that

> '"God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world."'

this is to be growing in grace. What higher ideal of life can we have than that of making a little brighter, sweeter, stronger, a little better or happier in some way, every life which touches our own? Whether we do it by sermon or song, by merry laugh or sympathetic tear, by substantial air or 'trifles light as air,' matters not at all so long as it is done for Christ's dear sake and the bringing nearer of his kingdom.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken or distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Kingsley.

To Our Bright Young Reader.

You like the 'Messenger,' do you not? And you surely know at least five young friends who do not now get the 'Messenger' in their home but who would like to get it through the mail in their own name. Get five of these friends to give you 10 cents each, send the .50 to us along with the five names and addresses very carefully written, and we will start sending the 'Northern Messenger' at once to each one and send it for three full months on trial. Besides this we will send you six beautiful colored pictures 9 x 16 inches long, 'Pansy Blossoms,' well worth framing. You give one to each of your club of five, keep the sixth yourself, and get besides a beautiful enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble. Anyone who reads this, may get up a 'Pansy Blossom' club; and the same person may send us half a dozen such clubs one after the other. Be sure the names you send are from families that have not been getting the 'Messenger' at all. Anyone may pay you 10 cents and give you the name of some cousin or niece or grandchild anywhere in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs), or in the British Isles or Newfoundland, and we will send the 'Messenger' there at the same price. The 'Pansy Blossoms,' however, all go to you to give around.

Let your mother or father show you how to send the money properly. It is always better to send by postal note or money order, but you could send by registered letter, or in stamps if more convenient. Don't send loose coins in an envelope. Who will send in the first such club? And we will print your name on this page. Send names and money to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, and mark on the corner of the envelope 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Looking Ahead.

The day may not be far off when for you, my boy, it will be 'school's out' for the last time.

The books will be laid aside, and you will need to turn your back upon the world of school, and face and take your place in the world of business.

Whatever use you may have made of the days when school was in, will now be tested and made evident.

If the hours of study have been wasted, it will all be discovered now, and your position in the world will depend very much on the position you occupied at school.

We would like you, my boy, to think of these things now, before that day comes. Thus you may be saved the regret of looking back on a wasted school-time with the awful remorse of what 'might have been.'

You will feel strange the first few days in your office or your workshop. You will meet strange people and things. You will find yourself surrounded by new associates and ideas. It may be you will be shocked at a deal of the conversation that goes on, the suggestions that are laughed at and indulged in freely. You may find those who will laugh at your religion and sneer at the Bible. They may disbelieve in your God, and seek to make you like themselves by their infidel talk and immoral habits. They may entice you to smoke, to swear, to drink, to gamble, and bet. Beware! Right there, my boy, at the very start, let it be known you have no relish for such things. Let it be understood that you know something better, and mean to stick to what you know.

Now, my boy—we say it plainly, for we want you to be clear about it—there is little hope of you taking such a stand, or maintaining it, without Christ. You need a power that is greater than your own, to withstand those forces of the devil. That power is at your disposal. Christ Jesus, who is mightier than the devil, stands now beside you, pleading that you take Him as your Saviour, and He will be your office and your workshop companion all the days. When He is with you, no circumstance need fear you, 'for greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.'—'Spectator.'

A Plea for Reverence.

'O aunty,' cried Annie, 'I've heard the funniest conundrum! Listen. Who was the shortest man in the Bible?'

Aunt Nettie paused a moment, and then said, 'I can't guess, Annie, and I don't believe I want to know.'

'Why, it's all right aunty. There's nothing wicked about it. It's just a pun, that's all.'

'I know it wouldn't be anything very bad, Annie, or it wouldn't interest you. But let me tell you what I mean. Those funny Bible conundrums and puns fasten a distorted and frequently irreverent meaning on a verse of Scripture, and you never can forget it.

'No matter where you hear that verse,—in church, at a funeral, anywhere,—you must always think of the pun or the joke. It seems to me the Bible is too good a book to treat that way; but quite apart from any question of that sort, we have to hear it under circumstances of such varied solemnity that I don't think we ought to spoil it for ourselves. Do you see what I mean?'

'Why, yes, in a way. And yet I never thought there was any harm in a conundrum. And some of them are so funny!'

'They are funny, dear. Some of them are undeniably clever. And we have none too much of really good and harmless fun. But don't you remember what you said about the wedding march?'

'Yes; I think the Lohengrin is just spoiled by that doggerel jingle that everybody knows, "Here comes the bride!"'

'It's just that I mean, dear. That jingle gets into people's minds, and they have to think of it the minute the music starts, and it breaks in on the beauty and solemnity of a sacred service that means much to somebody all her life.

'The same thing is true of irreverent puns on the words of Scripture. They spoil some of the best verses for us. And some of them are not harmless; they are really shocking. And none of them help us to be reverent.'

If Aunt Nettie had been a scold, her admonition might have counted for less. But she was hardly more than a girl herself, and a very merry comrade, although a woman of a deeply reverent nature. And her words had weight with the young girl, who saw more in them worth considering the more she thought.

It is true that we have none too much reverence. We need it for our own sakes, and for the sake of our influence on one another. Very earnest young people, whose love of fun carries them sometimes into unwitting irreverence, would do well to ponder Aunt Nettie's words.

Let us have fun, and plenty of it. The merry laugh is a blessing from the Lord. But the Word of God and the house of God and the sacred things of the soul—let us keep them far from the flippant laugh and the unthinking jest.—'Youth's Companion.'

As It Looks to the Man Outside.

'My Friend Stilphen and His Views.'

(By J. K. Wilson, in the 'Home Herald.')

'Excuse me a moment,' said Stilphen; and he went forward a few seats, and sat down by the side of a lady, greeting her with what might almost be called effusion. Now, that was a very unusual thing for Stilphen to do, for he was not in any sense a 'lady's man,' and I looked with a little curios—interest, I mean, to see who it was who had drawn him so out of his customary course of action. A young woman, her side face declared her to be; a woman plainly dressed, and not particularly attractive; probably a stenographer or clerk in a city office, I decided. But why Stilphen's interest?

'Who is your fair friend?' I asked, when he returned. 'I inquire in Mrs. Stilphen's behalf. Possibly she ought to know something of the way in which her husband conducts himself on the train.'

'If you want to stir Mrs. Stilphen's jealousy you'll have to try it on with somebody besides Miss Dempsey,' he laughed, 'for she's as much stuck on her as I am.'

'Who is she?'

'Old John Dempsey's daughter, out on the Flats. Stenographer for Cutts & Willis, Seventh street. That enough?'

'W-h-y, yes, of course; only I don't quite see how that brings her into relation with the Stilphens, of Golden avenue.'

'Oh, that's where the bite comes, eh? Well, my special interest in the little woman grows out of the fact that she is a member of a great company for whom I have the deepest respect—the unpaid Sunday School teachers in our churches—and particularly, that she is at the present time doing her level best to give the proper moral and spiritual slant to that young cub of mine, Jim.'

'Oh, Jim's Sunday School teacher?'

'The same, and a good one, up to her lights. Say, Smithers, did you ever think how much we owe to these good folks who take our children off our hands for an hour every week to teach them spiritual things?' things?'

'W-h-y, y-e-s, I s'pose so—'

'Which is to say, speaking truthfully, you never did. Bet you a dime you can't tell, off-hand, the name of your Susie's teacher'

'W-h-y,' I began (seemed as though I had nothing in my vocabulary but long-drawn 'whys'), it's Mrs. Day—no, Miss—Give it up! Of course, I know, but I can't think of the name just now.'

He laughed triumphantly.

'Told you so. But you mustn't feel too sore over it. It's the same way with most folks. Very few of us parents recognize the obligation that we are under enough to take any pains or trouble to cultivate the acquaintance of our children's teachers, or to try to make them feel that we appreciate the service they are rendering us, and that we mean to co-operate with them in every way in our power. Too bad, but it's a fact.'

'But,' said I, a little nettled, for some reason, 'I don't really see the obligation as strongly as you put it. Of course, it's very good in Miss Dempsey, for example, to teach Jim's class, but she needn't do it if she doesn't want to. It's a purely voluntary matter; nobody compels her.'

Stilphen looked at me reflectively for a moment.

'Ever try a hammer and spike for that thickheadedness of yours?' he inquired, solicitously. 'Think it might help you to get an idea or two inside your noddle. Don't you see that the very fact that the service is voluntary increases the obligation? If she had to do it, or was paid for it, or got anything out of it in any way, that would be another matter. But she does it of her own free will; that's what puts me in her debt. Now, just see what this means. Let's keep Miss Dempsey for our example—she'll do as well as anyone else. She's a poor girl, working for her living. Goes to the city every day, and you and I know what that means. Has only her evenings for her reading, and sewing, and visiting, and whatever else she wants to do; but she gives us a part of that little leisure time to prepare herself for teaching, and to look up her boys in their homes now and then. Then on Sunday, while you and I are stretching ourselves out for a nap, or are reading in our easy chairs, she and a lot more like her are down in the Sunday School room, tackling three or four hundred youngsters as full of the Old Harry as an egg is meat. There's my Jim. Now, I suppose he's no worse than the rest, and of course I love him no end; but I confess to you that an hour of Jim, straight and undiluted, is a pretty stiff dose for his dad. You see, he's in the first year in the high school, and what he don't know about things in Heaven, and things in the earth, and things under the earth, wouldn't make a very big book if it was written out. Now, this little girl has got to take half a dozen Jims of that sort and interest 'em, and answer their fool questions, and give 'em a hitch here and a push there, and lead 'em along the paths of the Good Book for a whole hour; and she's got to keep doing it, Sunday after Sunday, the whole year. I tell you, man, it's great when you stop to think of it!'

'Yes,' I assented, grudgingly, 'but, still, she doesn't have to do it.'

'Somebody's got to do it!' he retorted,

HOW IT WORKS.

We've said more than once in this corner that 'enthusiasm is catching—like the measles, and a good deal nicer to catch.' Here is an example of the way it works: A small boy in Saskatchewan, having sold 24 'Pictorials' and earned his reward writes:

Dear Sirs,—I am very pleased with the watch, and Leroy Pennington was so pleased with it that he sent away for the 'Canadian Pictorials' too. Yours with success,

LEONARD HAW.

Just a fortnight later his little chum is able to write in a similar strain:

Dear Sir,—I received my watch to-day. I think it is very nice. When I first opened the box it was not going, so I wound it up and it went all right. Yours truly

LEROY PENNINGTON.

It is in this way the good news spreads and the pleasure shared with others becomes all the greater.

Sometimes after earning several premiums a boy thinks he will stop now, that's enough. Perhaps he even tells us he won't sell any more. But by and by he thinks how little time and trouble it took to get the first good things, and he feels disposed to start again and earn something else. That's just what we like to see. They say 'It's a lady's privilege to change her mind,' but ladies can't have a monopoly of such a privilege, can they? And if you sold once and then decided to stop you can change your mind right now and send for a package to-day. We'll be glad to hear from you again.

Let your friends know of this good chance of earning good premiums. Holiday times are coming. You can have presents laid away and ready for use when the time comes by our method.

Write us to-day for a package of 'Pictorials' to start on, a premium list and full particulars of our plan. All orders promptly attended to.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Don't fail to read all the 'Pictorial' announcements appearing in this paper.

sharply. 'The Sunday School's got to be run, and somebody's got to run it. If the pastor of your church should announce next Sunday that the school would be given up because no one could be found to teach it, there'd be a mischief of a row among you people up on the hill. You'd be ashamed to belong to a church that couldn't support a Sunday School, you know you would. Well, now, this young woman and the rest of them are simply taking the places of those who are not able or willing to do the work, and I say that they deserve a great deal more honor for it than they usually get. We are trying to keep up our end with Miss Dempsey. We have her up to the house often, and my wife and she are great cronies. She has a part in most of our holiday festivities and vacation plans. We never allow a word of criticism of her before Jim, and he understands that his teacher is his parents' friend. I think she knows that we are grateful to her for her interest in our boy; we mean that she shall know it, at any rate. If the little woman'll take all the trouble she's taking for him when, as you say, there's no "have to" about it, his father and mother are going to back her up for all they're worth, now don't you forget it! And they ought!'

Our Missionary Barrel.

(By Florinda Twichell, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

Our Home Missionary Society met at Frank Webb's a few weeks before Christmas. Every one was talkin' about the new minister, and it seemed as if he was givin' universal satisfaction. The sisters wanted to club together and get him a nice Christmas present.

'There ain't a man in the community but will help us, I am sure,' said Cornelia Sims.

The preacher's sister was there, and she spoke up in her quiet way, that every one feels it their bounden duty to listen to:

'I wouldn't do it, sisters. I know my brother wouldn't like it. Someone might be counting it on his salary in the future and when another minister came it might mean a hardship to bring his salary up to the same mark. My brother can live on his salary if it is paid, and I know he would rather anyone would give him some little personal remembrance in a private way, if they wanted to, than to have a subscription circulated. I propose we send a barrel to a frontier minister's family I know. But first I want our secretary to write and ask them what they need. We don't want to send things they can't use.'

Well, we were finally persuaded it would be our best plan to do as she said, but some of the sisters dissented, of course. Mrs. Flint said she believed charity began at home.

'It is not charity,' said sister Webb, 'but just a Christmas gift, because our hearts go out in love for Christ's servant "whom not having seen we love." Just as we love our own pastor, whom we have seen.'

I knew Mrs. Flint would send the minister's family a roll of strong butter or a piece of last year's pork, anyway. And it would give Cornelia Sims a chance to give her annual offering of embroidered slipper tops to the minister.

We wrote to the family out in North Dakota and got the following answer: 'My Dear Society:

'I am Mr. Crosson's daughter. Your kind letter came to-day. As papa and mamma will not be home till Monday, I will answer myself. They have gone to North Creek, where papa preaches twice a month. Mamma goes to lead the singing when she can. It is fifteen miles and a long, cold ride, but they are having such good meetings, papa says.

'He has three preaching places, one half a mile away, one ten miles and one fifteen. They give him grain for his horse, over at North Creek, and $50 in money, when they can raise it. Here they give two hundred, if the crops are good and they can get it, and at the other place they give just what they can, sometimes money, sometimes food. Last Sunday they gave papa a new robe for his sleigh.

'We got a barrel last month, and I want

THE STORM COAT.

to tell you about it. I am afraid papa wouldn't want me to, but I guess I will.

'First I will tell you about us children. I am fourteen, will be fifteen in February. Tom is thirteen; he has been out of school all the fall working for a neighbor. It makes me feel bad, for Tom is smart, and I was reading the other day that it cost more for a minister to live because he felt bound to educate his children.

'Then there is Ben, eleven, and Arthur, six, and little Zoe is four.

'Well, now I will tell you what was in the barrel. All the week we had looked forward to getting it. Ben's shoes were out at the toes and mamma said, "wait till the barrel comes." Papa needed an overcoat so much, too.

'We opened it and all gathered around to see what was in it. First mamma took out an old, faded, blue lawn wrapper with elbow sleeves. Papa smiled and shivered a little, but didn't mean we should see. There was a suit of light summer clothes—two sizes too big for papa, a pair of shoes with the soles worn through and buttons off. Ben waited breathlessly, but all there was for a child eleven years old were two summer dresses for a little girl. There were two quite good suits for a boy of four. "You'll grow to them, Zoe," said Tom, laughing. 'I expect there will be a party dress my size," and sure enough, there was a white dress, very thin and gauzy, too small for me. But I couldn't have worn it here, anyway.

'There were a lot of old religious papers, write things for the papers, and tell how the people have to live here.

'Why, I know a minister's family in the East, before we came here, who had such a beautiful home and nice things. He couldn't preach as well as papa, I know. Papa said Jesus had no home, and I suppose it is all right, but he does need a warm coat and mamma ought to have a dress, and Ben the shoes. We all need them, but Ben isn't well, and he is so pleased with new things.

'Papa is six feet, weighs 179 lbs., and wears No 8 shoes. Mamma is five feet five inches, wears No. 4's, weighs 125 lbs. Tom is five feet, weighs 98 lbs., wears No. 5 shoes. Ben is about the size of most boys of nine, and wears No. 13 shoes. Arthur is the usual size of his age, and so is Zoe. I am 5 feet two inches and weigh 120 lbs., wear No. 5 shoes.

'Now, dear society, don't send us more than you can afford, but if you can, send things for winter wear. We all like to read.

'Your friend,

'Lucy Crosson.'

'Well, if that ain't cheeky,' said Mrs. Flint, but we most of us thought it very sensible. The minister read the letter in church, and said we should all meet at his house the next Wednesday and pack the barrel or barrels, as the case might be.

A shoe dealer from Grenville happened to be in the congregation, and he rose and said, 'I'll send over a pair of shoes for each one of the family.'

'Amen,' said old brother Frisby. 'I'll get a new suit of clothes for the little sickly feller.'

Brother Jamison, who keeps dry goods at the settlement, offered underwear at half price.

Mrs. Lewis Elwood, whose husband is rural delivery mail carrier, had a storm overcoat that was too small, good as new, that he gave for the father. We got a nice black dress for the mother and Si Sprague's wife sent her last year's coat.

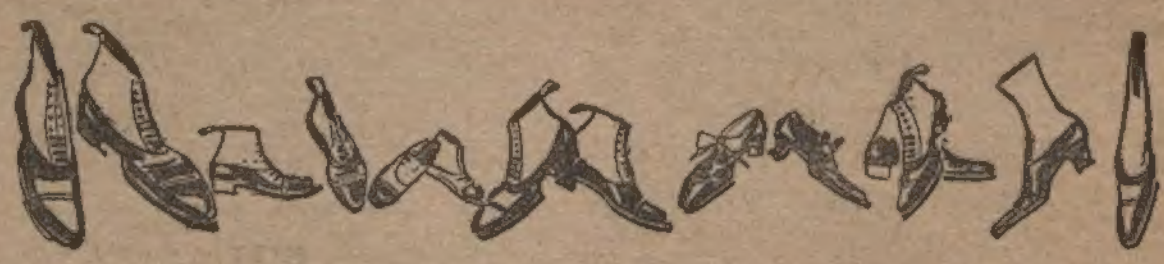
It was surprisin' how things came in, clothes for everyone, nice and new, mostly. Then the young folks fixed up a box for each child in the family. Brush and comb and ribbons and handkerchiefs and stationery and pen and pencils for Lucy; books and a nice knife for Tom; a box of paints and candy and nuts for Ben; toys and candies and nuts for the little ones. Then we put in a lot of papers and magazines, all fresh and good.

Why! it was the pleasantest work we ever done, and it seemed good to see some of our folks open their hearts and give out what they had hoarded up for years.

Sister Bliven had half a dozen pairs of woollen hand-knit sox she had hoarded up because she couldn't bear to have anybody wear her boy's things after he died. She sent them though. And old Squire Bently, who don't belong to any church, brought over sealed envelopes addressed to each one of the Crossons. Someone found one of them open and saw done up in a lot of silk paper, a five dollar gold piece. We took it for granted that was what was in each one. Well, the Squire is well fixed and hasn't a child to his name.

We sent a letter with the stuff sayin' we didn't put any estimated value upon it, but hoped it would do them some good, and asked them to let us know how the things fitted.

You ought to have seen the answer we got. They was just crazy with joy over everything. Poor little Ben had prayed for the paints, and little Zoe had never had a real



'A PAIR OF SHOES FOR EACH ONE OF THE FAMILY.'

doll before. Then the warm clothes were so much needed.

but it happened they were the same papa had been taking.

'Ben cried and I think mamma did, when we were all in bed that night, but I made up my mind when I was old enough, I would

I hope our folks will not lose the spirit of the thing before another year, and that many others will go and do likewise.

NOW READY.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER
OF THE

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10 Cents a copy.

HANDSOME COVER PICTURE
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H. M. KING EDWARD.

For contents in full see page 10.

Don't Fail to get it.

Keep a Clean Mouth, Boys.

A distinguished author says: 'I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother.' He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course no one thinks of girls as being exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be 'smart,' 'the next thing to swearing,' and 'not so wicked'; but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Keep your mouth free from all impurity and your 'tongue free from evil'; but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean; for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' —The 'Christian.'

For the Boys.

(By Mrs. M. B. Platt.)

Last year there stood in my yard a valuable young tree. It was straight, thrifty, full of beautiful green leaves, and every one delighted to look at it. It bade fair to become a strong, useful tree.

This year the same tree is in the same place, but it looks not at all as it once did. It is bare, brown, withered, and seems ready to die.

My friends look at it and say, 'What a pity! What ails it?'

I reply, 'An enemy has been at work about its roots, and it is dying.'

Last year I noticed with pleasure a handsome youth who often passed my home. He was tall, strong, bright-eyed, with good, clear complexion, a frank, happy manner, and very attractive to look upon. He bade fair to become a noble, useful man, such as the world needs, and his friends regarded him with pride and high hopes for his future.

This year I see the same youth often, but he is as changed as the poor withered tree in my yard. Friends look at him and say, 'How changed! What a pity! What ails him?'

I will tell you. Enemies have been at work. Idle, evil-minded companions; cigarettes, cigars, tobacco; beer, wine, perhaps even stronger drinks; profane words; reading bad books; unclean pictures; unclean thoughts; all these have been at play upon this young man and the result is a blighted character, a diseased body and a weakened mind. Yes, such ruin is a very great pity.

But if the young man had made up his mind and stuck to it—as boys can—that he would have nothing to do with evil associates, that he would not poison his body with drink and tobacco and his mind with impure books and pictures—in short, had he resolved that he would keep soul and body clean and pure he might be now a stalwart, manly man, instead of the wreck he is.

It is a pity the young tree is dying. It is a thousand times a greater pity the young man is dying, yes, a slow moral and physical death.

Boys, look out for the enemies. Give them no chance to ruin your soul and body.—From 'Picture Leaflet' No. 14-2. Published by Miss Ruby I. Gilbert, the Silversmiths Bldg.

Only Once—Never Twice.

An old man was bidding a lad, who was leaving his country home to attend a distant school, farewell. The old man had seen the world, and felt the hardness of its hand in the days of his youth, yet he had reached the goal towards which in early days he had set his face and had enjoyed the success which comes to the life bravely and truly lived. As he shook the lad's hand, he said: 'I have not much to say in the way of advice, but just remember this, "Never fight if you can help it, but if you do, see that you never have to fight the same boy twice."'

In the years that followed more than once he had to do battle to maintain his dignity and assert his rights. He never forgot the old man's advice, and he never met the same antagonist a second time. But he did not stop here, he applied the advice to his temptations and his studies. When he was pressed by the idlers to join them, he said 'No' in such a way that they never asked him again. When he had a book to read or a problem to solve, he did it so thoroughly that he could review them at a glance.

Like the old man, the lad, too, reached the goal, and he will tell you to-day, that all through the years he heard always the words, 'Never twice.'—The 'Presbyterian.'

His Fortune.

A ragged beggar was creeping along the street. He carried an old wallet, and asked every passerby for a few cents. As he was grumbling at his lot he kept wondering why it was that people who had so much were never satisfied, but were always wanting more.

'If I only had enough to eat and wear, I should be satisfied,' said the beggar.

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him:

'Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold your wallet, and I will pour this gold into it. But I will pour only on this condition: All that falls upon the ground shall become dust, do you understand?'

'Oh, yes, I understand,' said the beggar.

'Then have a care,' said Fortune. 'Your wallet is old.'

He opened the wallet quickly, and the yellow metal was soon pouring in.

'Is that enough?'

'Not yet,' said the beggar.

'Isn't it cracking?' asked Fortune.

'Never fear. Just a little more,' said the beggar. 'And just another handful.'

Another handful was added, and the wallet burst from end to end.—Selected.

Shine Just Where You Are.

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done;
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow,
Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
That no gloom of darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
Will be shining wherever you are.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Stories About Bunnies.

Many fables and fairy stories are told about bunnies. One tells how the rab-

bit got his long ears. They say he was hopping about one day in play when he heard two squirrels talking, and he wanted to know what they were talking about, so up he crept to the fence and listened as hard as he could. The more he listened the longer his ears grew, until they appeared over the top of the fence, and of course when the squirrels on the other side of the fence saw the ears flopping, away they ran. Mr. Bunnie did not find out their secret, and he went away, to carry with him ever afterward his long ears. The old colored mammies down South will tell you this story. Another story about bunnies is that of the hare and the tortoise, to teach us that gifts rightly used alone can bring success. The tortoise creeps along the ground very, very slowly, and the hare, you know, goes like the wind. You would think it strange, would you not, that the hare and the tortoise should plan to run a race? Well, the story says they did so plan, and that the tortoise won. This is the story told in rhyme:

The Hare and the Tortoise agreed on a race,
They settled the wager, the time and the place.
The Hare was so scornful, he laughed 'twixt his paws,
But the solid old Tortoise ignored his guffaws.

—'L'Automne.'

The goal was in sight, the sun burning hot,
Far away was the Tortoise, so in a cool spot
The Hare laid him down with his nose on his toes
And, before going on, thought he'd take some repose.

Then Sloth, that bad Imp, came and made him more floppy,
By sprinkling his nose with seeds of the poppy.
The Tortoise toiled on through the heat of the day,
And passed his proud rival asleep on the way.

Did he stop to make proverbs on people that boast?
Oh, no! but went on, and was first at the post.
The Tortoise crawled home with the prize and the glory;
The remarks of the hare we'll omit from the story.

—'Child's Hour.'

The Better Way.

'Here comes mamma,' said Janie.

'Oh, mamma! must I save some sweets for Grace?'

'I think a good little sister would.'

'But Grace didn't give me any yesterday.'

'Didn't she? How did you like that?'

'I didn't like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too. I think she is very mean.'

'Dear, dear! And is mamma to have two mean little girls, then?'

Janie looked at her mother, and was quiet a minute. Then she said: 'No, no, mamma dear! You shall not have any mean little girls at all! I 'spect Grace forgot; and I'll go and give her some of my sweets now, so she won't ever forget again!'

—Selected.

The Little Fire-escape Boy.

(By Emma L. Burnett, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

'I wish we hadn't any yard; then I shouldn't have to stay in it,' pouted Teddie Brownson.

Yet such a delightful place as it was! quite large for a city yard. To be sure, it was not in the closely-built portion of the city, with a beautiful stretch of grass that didn't have 'to be kept off of,' and all round by the fence a flower border, part of which was Teddie's very own garden, where he cultivated petunias and onions. Then there was a wide paved walk along the side of the house, leading to the gate opening on the front street. Here, on hot afternoons, Teddie was allowed to 'squirt the hose,' as he called it, which was great fun.

He had a set of garden tools, a tent, an express waggon, roller skates, a tricycle, and a little dog. He had no brothers or sisters to play with, but had several nice little friends. Indeed, the Burnside boys spent about half their time there.

Still Teddie was not satisfied. He

wanted to play on the street; but, since the trolley cars had begun to run on their street, his mother was so afraid her little boy would get hurt, she was constantly saying, 'Now, Teddie, you must stay in the yard.'

The day he said he wished they hadn't any yard, his mother remarked:

'I know of a little boy who would be very glad to have a yard even a quarter the size of yours. All the out-doors he can get at is the fire-escape.'

'The fire-escape!' Teddie exclaimed. 'I should like that better than a yard. Does he climb up and down on it?'

'No, indeed. He is lifted out the window to the platform, and there he sits for an hour or two a day, in a little chair, with a pillow supporting his lame back. The noise of the streets comes up to him, and I don't suppose there is a green or growing thing within his sight. But it is the only way he can get any out-door air at all.'

'Who is he?' asked Teddie, much interested.

'His name is Jimmie Cummisky. He lives with his mother and two little sisters in one room, in one of those large tenement houses down town that your papa was telling you about the other day. They are very poor. His mother has to work hard to pay the rent and get them something to eat. She is working for Mrs. Storrs, across the street, to-day, and I've just been over to engage her to work for me Thursday.'

As Teddie went on with his luncheon he did a good deal of thinking. He came to the conclusion that a grassy, shady yard was a pretty nice thing, after all; and he truly pitied the little sick boy whose only chance to be out-doors was to sit on the fire-escape in the midst of the noise and griminess of a miserable part of town. All at once an idea popped into Teddie's curly head, and he exclaimed:

'O mamma! why can't you ask Mrs. Cummisky to bring Jimmie along Thursday, if it's a good day? While she's working he could lie in the hammock, or sit in my little rocking-chair in the yard, and look at the grass and things. I 'spect it would do him lots of good.'

'That's an excellent suggestion,' Mrs. Brownson replied, 'but I have to pay Mrs. Cummisky's car-fare, and, if Jimmie comes, it will take that much more. Who's going to pay that?'

She wanted to see if Teddie pitied the little boy enough to do anything for him himself. Teddie looked very grave. He was saving up his nickels and pennies, and it was pretty hard to give away even ten cents just then. But he had made up his mind that something must be done for the poor little cripple, so in a moment or two his face brightened, and he said:

'I'll give his car-fare as well as the sudjestion.'

The result was, the little fire-escape boy, as Teddie called him, had a beautiful day in the yard, which was a perfect paradise to him, besides having a better dinner and supper than he ever had in his life before. His pinched little face was covered with smiles in the evening, when, with his hands filled with roses and woodbine, Teddie and the Burnside boys took him to the Clay-Street trolley car in the express waggon.

'It's all done him a wurruld o' good!' said the grateful mother, as she picked up her little boy and clambered into the summer car.

Teddie got his father interested in the Cummiskys, and they went into a kind of partnership to give the poor family some little outings that summer. Teddie generally paid part or all of Jimmie's car-fare, and Mr. Brownson did the rest. It kept Teddie rather low in ice-cream and merry-go-round money, but he liked to think of the crippled boy speeding away on the swift trolleys to the green and flowery parks.

The Mutineers.

(By Mary Whiting Adams, in the 'Religious Intelligencer.')

John Henry had ten fingers,
  Two eyes, a tongue and brains.
But when he started in at school
  He didn't take the pains
To make them yield obedience
  To what the teacher said;
And so they quickly learned to do
  Just what they chose, instead.

The fingers would not follow
  The copies they were set;
The eyes kept wandering here and there,
  The tongue refused to get
The lessons right, but whispered
  Instead the whole time long.
As for the brains, they strayed and dreamed,
  And let things all go wrong.

When days of school were over
  John Henry went to work;
But eyes and tongue and fingers
  And brains still joined to shirk.
First one job, then another,
  He spoiled, and lost his place,
While other boys less clever
  Passed by him in the race.

The Polite Donkey.

(By Mary Mitchell Brown, in 'Little Folks.')

A little gray Donkey lived in a toy-shop window. He wore a russet leather bridle and a red saddle. He had plenty of bright green hay ready to be eaten, though, as a matter of fact, he never did eat; for he rather liked having a 'gone feeling' in his stomach. You see he always had a 'gone feeling,' and he was used to it; if he thought about it at all, he supposed that all donkeys had it.

The other animals who lived in the window were made all in one piece, and stood quite still, staring out into the street with their round eyes. But the little gray Donkey had his head hung inside of his neck, on a neat gilt hook; and, as he was a very polite donkey, he bowed gently, all day, to the passers-by.

But no one ever bowed to him in return, and the little gray Donkey finally became quite sad.

'Why are you so sad, little gray Donkey?' said his friend, the Jack-in-the-Box, one day. 'You have a russet bridle, a red saddle, a pile of bright green hay, and your head is hung on a shiny gilt hook. Why are you not happy and gay, as I am? I feel like a Johnny-jump-up in springtime!'

And the Jack-in-the-Box stretched himself up, as far as he could, to show how springy he felt.

'Alas!' said the little gray Donkey, 'all day long I bow politely to all who pass our window; but no one ever bows to me in return, and this makes me feel lonely and neglected.'

And he wagged his head up and down very mournfully.

It was just then that little Edward and his nurse stopped before the toy-shop window.

Little Edward wore a white furry coat and a white furry cap. He had curly yellow hair and pink cheeks and big bright eyes.

'Oh, mammy,' cried little Edward, 'see the little gray Donkey! See him wag his head! He is bowing to me!'

Now Edward was a very polite little boy, and, when he saw that the little gray Donkey was bowing, he bowed his own head in return. The little gray Donkey was delighted. He felt very sure that this was the prettiest and most polite little boy in the world, and so he bowed again.

So they stood bowing to each other for some time, and little Edward bobbed his head up and down till his yellow curls flew up in the air and the furry white cap slipped down over his big bright eyes. And the little gray Donkey wagged his head faster and faster, until at last he wagged it off the gilt hook entirely, and there lay the little gray Donkey's head on the floor, in front of himself, with one ear broken off.

'Mamma,' said little Edward to his mother when he went home from his walk, 'a little gray Donkey bowed to me, and I bowed to him, and I bowed my cap off; but the little gray Donkey bowed his head off. I think he was too polite, don't you?'

And, whenever little Edward thought of the little gray Donkey after that, he felt that the Donkey had been too polite.

But the little gray Donkey was quite happy on the shelf where they put him away, after they had hung his head again on the neat gilt hook, because he remembered that, when he made his last bows, a little boy with yellow curls and pink cheeks had bowed to him in return; and it never once occurred to him that he had been too polite.

And the Jack-in-the-Box went on feeling gay and springy like a Johnny-jump-up.

Temperance

The Nation's Foes.

(W. Maxwell, in 'Everybody's Magazine.)

Woe to them! they brand as evil
That which truth pronounces good;
Woe to them! they help the devil
When his kingdom is withstood;
They confound the sweet and bitter;
Light and darkness they reverse;
And, befooled by sordid glitter,
Spurn the blessing—grasp the curse.

They demand for fiery liquor
Such vile freedom in its flow
That the licensed drunkard maker
Shall by outrage live and grow.
They declare it spoliation
To impugn his sordid right;
They would sacrifice the nation
To preserve its parasite.

They have nurtured and exploited
Their unwary neighbor's thirst,
Till his heart and home are blighted,
And his hopes as bubbles burst;
Yet, the rising generation
With allurements they assail,
And demand that legislation
Shall protect the fell entail!

They have piled their reeking plunder;
They have heaped their cankering gold;
Lo! the bones cry out thereunder
Of their victims young and old:
Surely righteous retribution
Shall have claimed but half its own
When their 'devil in solution'
Shall become a thing unknown.

Ha! ye brigands of the bottle,
With no vestige of remorse,
You the State would seize and throttle
For possession of her purse:
Think ye that her sons will fail her
While your strangling schemes are rife,
And as robbers ye assail her
With 'Your money or your life!'?

The Oxygen Carriers and Scavengers.

(D. Wallace Smith, M.B., C.M., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

A silent power has swept over the scene, and with magic touch has transformed the dead wastes.

Far down into the deep gullies and ravines, into the dark recesses of the forest glade, and down into the noxious swamps and morasses it has silently penetrated, conveying the breath of life so essential to the human, animal, and vegetable organisms.

A silent touch! A magic power!

The dead leaves and broken twigs—the past relics of a former glory!—that lay thickly around, rendering the paths obscure, giving an appearance of solidity to the surface of treacherous bogs and vitiating the air with the effluvia of decay and putrescence, have disappeared, and once more the scene is one of gorgeous beauty and a glorious reflection of the great Unseen, in the hollow of whose hand lies a wonderful world.

Oxygen! but for thy silent, vivifying touch, the earth would be a poisonous slough from whose surface noxious miasms would arise, limiting the physical and mental development of man—if, indeed, life were even possible.

But for the oxygen-laden winds (and the wind is simply the air in motion) disturbing the masses of decay, and allowing the oxygen to penetrate the depths to assist in the disintegration of the discarded mantles of tree and flower, the woods would soon cease to echo with the chorus of feathered songsters, or the happy laughter of children.

How grand and awe-inspiring are the silent activities of nature! Who hears the forest grow? Who hears the rose-bud open? Who hears the unceasing struggle against disease of the corpuscles of the blood?

Have you watched by the bedside of someone sore stricken by disease? And, while you watched and prayed for the first faint sign of victory over the disease, have you realized the grim, silent struggle between life and death going on in the blood between the corpuscles and the poisonous products which sought to destroy the organism?

Just as oxygen is essential in the vegetable world for purifying and renewing, so is oxygen necessary for the vital functions of man. Let me tell you something about the silent workers in the human economy—the oxygen carriers and scavengers.

The air we breathe passes by means of the nose (where the air is filtered and warmed) down into a fine network of very small tubes called the lungs. At one side of these thin tubes is the air; at the other side is the blood. The oxygen from the air passes through the thin walls of these air-passages into the blood, and there it is seized by the oxygen carriers and distributed in every direction. So it is. To understand the action of alcohol on the blood, we must have at least some elementary knowledge of the composition of the blood. If a drop of blood is examined under the microscope, it is seen to consist of a number of minute bodies or corpuscles floating in a clear fluid. On more minute examination it is found that these corpuscles are of two kinds. The one, greatly preponderating over the other in point of numbers, is called a red corpuscle; the other, fewer in number, is called a colorless corpuscle. The red corpuscles are called 'oxygen carriers,' and the colorless corpuscles are the 'police and scavengers' of the blood.

Alcohol has a very demoralizing effect upon the red corpuscles, or 'oxygen carriers.' It shrinks the red corpuscle by depriving it of water; it renders the corpuscle less capable of carrying oxygen; it lessens the red coloring matter produced; and not only is less oxygen (so necessary for vital function) carried in, but less carbonic acid gas (a waste product) is carried out.

The blood, therefore, becomes debilitated through lack of oxygen (like a coal fire deprived of the oxygen of the air), and is loaded with waste matters that should be removed (like ashes left in a stove). There is discoloration of the blood by retention of carbonic acid gas and other waste products.

Alcohol acts quite as injuriously on the colorless corpuscles—the 'police and scavengers'—of the blood.

These colorless corpuscles remove waste products and poisonous materials from the blood, and so keep the blood pure. They have the power of altering their shape so that if they cannot expel the foreign intruder from the blood, they can completely surround the undesirable and gobble it up. Can one think what our streets would be like if our policemen lay lazily on the pavement and our scavengers struck work?

When the blood has alcohol in it—and we must always remember alcohol is a deadly poison—these colorless corpuscles ('police and scavengers') are not so active. They lie it lazily at the side of the blood stream; they adhere to the blood-vessel walls like a drunk man to the railings; they adhere to each other like drunk men trying to steady each other.

With such inactive 'police and scavengers' waste products and poisonous matters are allowed to float past in the blood, when they ought to be seized and devoured, or expelled from the blood.

With debilitated and shrunken oxygen carriers, and lazy 'police and scavengers,' no wonder that those who take alcohol have lowered vitality, predisposition to disease, prolonged convalescence, greater risk of complications, and greater mortality.

To most persons a sense of obligation is insupportable. Beware upon whom you inflict it.

Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in *Canada* afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one *Free A One Dollar Bottle* of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—*ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM.* I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot *coax* Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot *force* it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot *imagine* it out with mental science. *You Must Drive It Out.* It is in the blood and you must *Go After It and Get It.* This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. *The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.* My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, *and cures them quickly.*

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much *in One Week,* if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle *FREE* according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a *real* Rheumatic Remedy will do. *Read our offer below and write to us immediately.*

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A FULL-SIZED $1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but *a full-sized bottle,* selling regularly at drug-stores for *One Dollar Each.* This bottle is heavy and we most pay postage to carry it to your door. *You must send us 25 cents* to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized $1.00 Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid *and Duty Free.* There will be *nothing to pay* on receipt or later. Don't wait until your *Heart-Valves* are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who *send 25c for charges. Address*

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—THE—

"Canadian Pictorial"

—FOR—

OCTOBER

"The King—God bless him!" is the title of the cover picture of the October 'Canadian Pictorial.' The photograph, a copyright one, was sent to the editor with the statement that it had never yet been published. It is an intimate picture of His Majesty, whose birthday will be celebrated next month, and will be treasured in many a home as giving a new idea of what 'Edward the Peacemaker' really looks like. In view of the approaching elections full page pictures of the two great leaders, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden, better than any previously published, will be timely and interesting. The place of honor at the beginning is occupied by a portrait, specially taken by a 'Canadian Pictorial' photographer, of the Premier of Quebec, who was knighted during the visit of the Prince of Wales. The meeting of the General Synod of the Church of England at Ottawa and the sudden death of Bishop Carmichael, have attached special significance to a page of the dignitaries of the Church. The growth of the west is illustrated with a page of pictures of the coming city, Prince Rupert, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. While Canadian events receive first attention, important events in other countries are not ignored—How Jerusalem Received the News of a Constitution for Turkey, The New Sultan of Morocco, Rebuilding Historic Blackfriars Bridge, A July Snow-storm in New Zealand, are some of the notable pictures. There are some more of the photographic studies for which the periodical is famous, and the Woman's pages contain, in addition to the usual departments, a specially illustrated article on the new fall hats.

The announcement is made that next issue—the Thanksgiving number—will be increased in size and several departures will be made that readers will appreciate.

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..HOUSEHOLD..

The Mother and the Children.

Gather the children, mother,
  The little heads close to your knee.
In the hush of the beautiful twilight,
  And talk to them tenderly.
When the bright eyes grow tired and restless,
  And gaze at you wistfully,
And the sweet lips beg for a story,
  Then gather them close to your knee.

Tell them a story, mother,
  But tell them no olden tale
Of knights that rode through the forests
  To search for the Holy Grail;
Or bearded the bronzed Crusader,
  Who fought in the Holy Wars,
His face towards the Holy City,
  And scarred with the battle scars.

Tell them—nor valor nor riches
  Have ever the soul sufficed,
Nor the wisdom of all the sages,
  Like a life that is given to Christ.
To 'take up the white man's burden,'
  Through loneliness, pain or loss,
Where the star of the Northland gleameth
  Or burneth the Southern Cross.

—Selected.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 1348—PLAIN SHIRTWAIST.

For some of the pretty striped fabrics and for those that are rather thick, the plain shirtwaist is the most practical fashion. It may be greatly changed by omitting the pocket and straps on the top of sleeves, by using ruffles on the plaits, or pretty jabots. The original of our design is made of French cotton crepe, a material that may be 'done up' in the privacy of one's room, as it requires no mangling. With such simple waists, perfect stitching counts for a great deal. Yokes are again being used on some of the best tailored waists and seem quite correct when the cuffs, sleeve openings and other parts are given a mannish finish. If stripes are employed in the making of this design, the front may be cut on the bias. All other parts should be straight. The pattern, No. 1348, is in seven sizes, 32 to 44-inch bust measure, and three yards of 27-inch, two and a half of 36-inch or two yards of 44-inch material will be required for a 36-inch bust measure.

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Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find the sum of 40 cents for the 'Messenger.' I would not like to do without it.

Yours truly,
A. NICOL.
Rockton, Ont.,
June 8, 1908.

Swan River, Manitoba,
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John Dougall & Son,
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Gentlemen,—Some time ago you kindly sent our Sunday School a few sample copies of the 'Messenger.' We are so well pleased with them that we desire to order (20) copies to our address for one year. Enclosed please find $4.00.

Yours truly,
A. C. SINCLAIR, sec.,
Church of Christ (Baptist and Disciples,
S. S. Swan River, Man.

A result that usually follows, when any Sunday School really examines the 'Messenger.' Free samples in any desired quantity, for three consecutive weeks to any school in Canada. Specially liberal terms to schools recently organized. A post card to the publishers secures all information.

Danger of Cheap Candies.

Cheap candies are not only often poisonous, but are badly adulterated with glucose, cornstarch, and white clay, writes Prof. Louis B. Allyn in 'Good Housekeeping.' A sample recently purchased contained nearly five per cent. of the latter substance. Glucose or starch sugar is now produced in enormous quantities, both in this country and Germany, from corn or potato starch. It is used chiefly in table syrups, candies, as food for bees, in brewing and in adulterating honey. The process of manufacture is interesting, and in short is as follows: The starch is boiled with dilute sulphuric acid from fifteen minutes to two hours, according to the apparatus used; the longer the action the greater the precentage of glucose produced. The excess acid is removed by treating the solution with chalk, animal charcoal, and by filtering. The filtered solution is evaporated to a syrupy consistency and sent to the market under the name of 'glucose,' 'mixing syrup,' etc. When evaporated to dryness the solid product is known to commerce as 'grape sugar.' The main question is whether candy made from glucose is unwholesome. The answer is, it is not, provided such glucose has been freed from possible arsenical contamination through the sulphuric acid used, the lime removed, and provided the reprehensible practice of bleaching with sulphurous acid has not been followed. Candy made from glucose may frequently be detected by its lack of sweetness and its extreme brittleness. Much of the stick candy is composed largely of glucose, to which a small quantity of cane sugar has been added to increase its sweetness. A great deal of palatable and harmless confectionery contains the better quality of glucose.

One can often find cheap gum drops made from glucose and cornstarch held together by ordinary glue, the taste of the latter disguised by the flavor employed. The best gum drops are made from cane sugar and gum arabic. A curious form of adulteration is met with in some of the inferior productions sold as 'licorice.' The essential ingredients in many cases are burned flour, glue, cornstarch, and caramel. This combination often becomes practically insoluble. It is an instructive experiment to try to dissolve some of this cheap 'licorice' in hot water. The results lead one to consider its effect on the delicate digestive organs of a child.

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